

*The Manicure Lady
on "Shuffling Off
This Mortal Coil"*

By William F. Kirk

The list of prize-winners of last week's contest, together with the final picture of this week's series, will be printed in next SUNDAY'S BOSTON AMERICAN.

**BRITT STRONG FAVORITE OVER NELSON
IN THEIR SHORT BOUT ON COAST TONIGHT**

You Are Selling Your Life One Week at a Time

Realize That Fast NOW. It Will
Do No Good to Realize It Too
Late.

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This is for every man and woman working for a weekly or monthly salary. Do you know what it means when you get your money for a week or for a month? It means that YOU HAVE SOLD A PIECE OF YOUR LIFE, and that you have in your pocket the price paid for it. Working for weekly or monthly wages, we deceive ourselves about the present and the future. We look forward to that "some day" when we are going to do better, when we are going to work for ourselves, when this temporary salary business will be ended.

But that "some day" doesn't come for many of us. It comes for very few. And old age COMES FOR ALL OF US.

If you don't realize it now, men and women on salaries, you will realize with old age the fact that the man who is selling his life piece by piece ought to think pretty seriously about it.

What is your life but a few weeks and months and years? If you were selling your body one piece at a time—\$10 apiece for your toes and fingers, \$20 an inch for the feet, and so on—you would worry. You would say to yourself: "What! Four toes and two fingers gone already, and I've spent all the money that I got for them. They are gone forever and I've got nothing to show for the sale. What shall I do when my legs and my arms are sold? I must see to it that I get the best possible bargain; at least that I get some kind of independence and safety in return for the body that I am selling."

This may seem a forced comparison. But you are selling your LIFE piece by piece. You are selling your YOUTH AND VITALITY, WHICH YOU CANNOT RENEW. An old man or woman with energy gone, vitality spent, living in a world that makes no provision for old men and women, is as sad and helpless as a man might be who had sold arms and legs, fingers and toes one at a time.

DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF ABOUT THE REALITY OF LIFE. Don't forget that your existence, your future happiness, the possibility of many or womanly independence, DEPEND UPON THE EARNESTNESS WITH WHICH YOU WORK NOW, ON YOUR REALIZATION OF THE TRUTH THAT YOU ARE SELLING YOUR LIFE PIECE BY PIECE.

Your employer gives you your week's salary, and his interest in the matter ends. After you have sold him ten weeks, or twenty years, under our system, you have no right, and you have no reason, to go to him and say, "I am old, now take care of me."

In a world of competition he has a good reason and a perfect right to say to you, "Why didn't you take care of yourself? Why didn't YOU do some thinking when you were selling your life piece by piece? Why didn't you imitate me and develop yourself as well as you could and provide for the future by the practice of self-denial or otherwise?"

You are a young man who inherits a fortune. He begins squandering it. You pity him, or more likely laugh at him. You think him a fool because he doesn't realize that the money will go and leave him stranded.

Do you realize that the years of youth and vigor will go and leave YOU stranded.

Do you realize that the fortune left you was your youth, your energy, your power of self-control, and that you have been spending this inheritance foolishly, throwing it away week by week, imagining that something would happen WITHOUT YOUR MAKING IT HAPPEN! For the average of us nothing happens accidentally. We get what we PLAN for and what we WORK for, and no more.

If you are shirking your work as the weeks and years go by, do not imagine that you are fooling any employer. You are fooling yourself. He gets HIS SHARE OUT OF YOUR LIFE. He sees that you earn the money that he gives you, and there his interest ceases. Do you get YOUR OWN SHARE OUT OF YOUR LIFE?

When you stand behind a counter, dawdling, half-working, talking with other life-wasters, planning for a little foolish pleasure to follow on a lazy day's work, does it occur to you that you are selling your life cheaply?

The man who buys that life piece by piece gets what he pays for. He buys at the market rate pieces of the lives of human beings. He is buying living merchandise.

You don't get out of it what you ought to, BUT THAT IS YOUR FAULT, NOT THE EMPLOYER'S.

But you ask, CAN salaried men and women help themselves? Of course they can, by working for themselves earnestly as well as for the man that hires them.

Every day has its possibilities of adding to your knowledge, efficiency and value AS A HUMAN BEING.

You work this week and a man pays you ten dollars. Work for yourself as well as for him. Work to make yourself MORE COMPETENT, more concentrated. Suppose that this week you can earn the ten dollars that your employer gives you, and that by working for yourself you can ADD TEN DOLLARS to your weekly wage. When you begin getting \$20 instead of \$10 your life is worth twice what it was before. And if you save \$10 out of the \$20, then YOU ARE ACTUALLY GETTING SOMETHING FOR THE LIFE THAT YOU ARE SELLING PIECE MEAL.

Of course, it is hard to get more money, even when you earn it. But, as you will easily find out, it is a great deal harder to get it when you DON'T earn it. EARN IT FIRST, and then see that you get it. Be sure not to complain about the wrong person. At least nine times out of ten the individual that complains about an employer ought to be complaining about himself. There are a good many men that get less than they earn. Many more get ALL they earn, and more.

Nothing is cheaper, commoner than the man who goes along half lazily, dawdling out his life, selling it a week at a time, without ambition or self-denial to better himself.

This sermon won't do the lazy man much good. He spends HIS leisure hours pitying himself and spending every dollar he makes. But it may stir up some young men and women to realize that it actually is THEIR LIVES THAT THEY ARE SELLING, and it may help them to gain independence before all the salable portion of their lives shall have disappeared.

Work for yourself. Save money. Concentrate your mind on your task. Sleep regularly at night so that you can do energetic work while self-indulgent fools are dawdling. It isn't very hard to succeed, if you only knew it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred successful men are successful simply because THERE'S NO LITTLE COMPETITION IN THE FIELD OF HARD WORK. Enter that field.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE

BY T. E. POWERS

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Where Did Mellen's Men Find Out?

Who Told Them What Gull's "Business" Commission Will Decide About the Merger?

President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston & Maine made a speech last Friday at Derry, N. H., urging that the New Haven be allowed to swallow his railroad. Mr. Tuttle, of course, speaks for the men who have obtained control of his railroad and who, incidentally, have obtained control of Mr. Tuttle also.

Mr. Tuttle asked his hearers not to make up their minds about the proposed transportation trust until they had heard the report soon to be made by a commission appointed by Governor Gull to investigate the business and commercial needs of Massachusetts.

Last Sunday Colonel Albert Clarke of the Home Market Club, who, like Mr. Tuttle, is trying to persuade the people that a railroad monopoly would be a good thing for New England, said to the members of the Central Labor Union:

"Perhaps you might have been better informed if you had waited a few days for the report which I understand will shortly be issued by the State Commission on Commerce and Industry, which, I believe, gave much attention to this matter."

Now WHY are the people who are trying to help the Standard Oil financiers to obtain a monopoly of New England transportation asking everybody to "wait" for the report of the State Commission on Commerce and Industry?

HOW do they know what that report will be?

A report recently made to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts by a Master shows clearly that the New Haven Road VIOLATED THE LAW in acquiring trolley lines.

Mellen's agents are asking us to forget about THIS report showing that the New Haven Road broke the law in order to establish a monopoly. They ask us to look forward to some OTHER report not yet made and to allow this OTHER commission to decide for us whether the law-breaking corporation shall be permitted to control ALL THE RAILROADS, TROLLEY LINES AND STEAMSHIP LINES EAST OF THE HUDSON RIVER, by the way—which Mr. Tuttle and Mr. Clarke think should decide for us the most important business question that has ever come before the people of New England—consists of five members. Only one of these members of this important BUSINESS commission is a BUSINESS MAN.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Beautiful Land of Nod

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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COME, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden sand,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod,
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom.

JUST shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
Your hands like the leaves of a rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows,
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,
On the South and the East by dreams;
Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.



JUST drop down the curtain of your dear eyes,
Those eyes like a bright bluebell,
And we will sail out under starlit skies,
To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep, our barge shall sweep,
Till it reaches that mystical lake
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause a while with a vision of his loss,
I will crown you a song as we float along,
To that shore that is blessed of God,
Then, hot for that fair land, we're off for that rare land,
That beautiful Land of Nod.

Be Not Quick to Think Evil

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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HUMAN nature possesses many undesirable traits, many faults and blemishes, which tend to eradicate; and among them is one which seems to be a commingling of vanity, suspicion and love of the marvellous.

A few years ago a young man went out fishing in a rowboat. A storm arose, the boat drifted in without an oarman. Weeks passed, and then came the story, repeated from mouth to mouth at various places, and had been spoken with two acquaintances.

He left a young wife, and the story was whispered at first, and then took bolder form, that the fisherman had selected this method of retreat from an unhappy marriage alliance.

Scarcely had the story gained the footing of a plausible tale when the battered and disfigured body of a man was found near the spot where he had been fishing when the storm broke.

Then the scandal-mongers hushed their voices, and no one was found ready to father the tale of desertion.

A few weeks ago another young man in the same seashore town went forth on a night of storm to rescue a boat that was in peril of being demolished on the rocks.

He never came back.

After a search for the body, the sorrowing mother heard the whisper that he had been seen by some one in a distant town; that he had boarded a train and seemed anxious to avoid detection.

As a supplement to the report that the young man was in debt; and his disappearance was evidently planned that he might escape his creditors.

And again the boasted and bruised body drifted to shore, and gave its silent and ghastly refutation to the cruel lie.

Something over a year ago a prominent business man, trying to find relief from financial losses in stimulants, died in debt, and the man who he had said he was going away, and who was his body, was found on the shore.

His hat and coat were discarded on the shore.

Again came the tale of absolute identification. Some one had conversed with him, he had spoken of his losses, he had said he was going away, and he was his body, was found on the shore.

It must arise first in suspicion; imagination, given body to suspicion; vanity, which takes form in a love of relating marvellous tales, gives speech to the unkind fabrication; and once spoken, the manner it goes forth like a gigantic bat, to feed upon the credulity of other gossip-loving minds.

It is always evidence of a higher and finer type of being if one is the last to believe in the first, to believe an unkind tale.

It is better a thousand times to be deceived by a convincing reason than to suspect an innocent man of deception.

Yet over and over we hear wise individuals boasting that they were the "very first" to suspect some culprit of wrongdoing, and the man who is forever declaring that it is "impossible" to find him is the type of man who will shape the bad or set it right when some poor victim of accident disappears from public view without leaving a word of explanation.

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RHYMO THE MONK

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IT SERVES HIM RIGHT; HE OUGHT TO KEEP AWAKE